

*Year 44-45*

# The Hamiltonian

*Halloween Number*  
OCTOBER · 1926

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Hamilton High School · · Hamilton, Mass.

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# *The* HAMILTONIAN

*Published by the Students of*

HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL

OCTOBER, 1926

## IN MEMORIAM

ON the death of Mrs. Adelaide D. Walsh, the school, as well as the town, has lost a friend and benefactor. She was a familiar figure in the school and on the playground, helping the teachers and talking to the pupils,—a friend to all.

During her lifetime, Mrs. Walsh actively participated in the affairs of numerous clubs and organizations in the town, and it is thought that the strenuous activities she was carrying on in those various associations helped to hasten her sudden death.

Mrs. Walsh had been a member of the school committee for three successive terms and during those nine years she worked diligently for the improvement of the school, the welfare of the teachers, and the happiness of the pupils.

There could not be found anyone more faithful to her duties than she, and thoughts of our school were always with her. So, with the great loss we have experienced still uppermost in our minds, we have dedicated this publication of THE HAMILTONIAN to our faithful friend, Mrs. Walsh.

## EDITORIALS

### A NEW YEAR FOR "THE HAMILTONIAN"

AT the beginning of this, the fourth successful season for THE HAMILTONIAN, we wish to thank the pupils for past contributions, the townspeople for their generous subscriptions, and the merchants for helping us by advertising.

A new school year has been started, we are all glad to resume our duties, and are happy to welcome some new

faces. Among the faculty we find our new principal, Mr. Cottle. We greet him as he steps to the helm so ably filling the position left vacant by Mr. Watson. Signs of Mr. Bohaker's activities may already be seen by the frequent baseball games in which the boys participate.

The Junior High is glad to welcome Miss Mann, a local girl and a

former graduate of this high school. In the grades we find Mrs. Batchelder with us after a year's absence.

Our ambition for the ensuing year is to have a bigger, better magazine and we are sure if we receive the moral and financial support of our past patrons that goal will be realized.



### SENIOR PLAY

A BRIGHT, snappy play, "Good evening, Clarice," has been selected by the Senior class for production in the near future. It is exceedingly funny and has a very ingenuous and complicated plot. Last year's production was a great success and this year's class hopes to outrival the reputation of the former.

The cast has taken very well to the parts assigned, and under the able management of Mrs. Boyd and Miss Hayward there is every indication of the play being a great success. Don't miss the opportunity of seeing it, for it will surely be one of the greatest hits of the season. If you don't go, you will regret it, for the whole town will be talking about "Good evening, Clarice!"



### ASSEMBLY

ON October 22, a joint assembly of the Junior and Senior High Schools was held at the Community House. The two subjects of special interest were: the contest for raising subscriptions for THE HAMILTONIAN and sportsmanship in athletics.

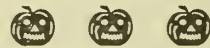
For THE HAMILTONIAN subscriptions the Junior and Senior High have been divided into two parts, the "Blues" and the "Reds," from which the group getting the smallest number of subscriptions will have to give the winners a

party. We hope to get at least 250 subscriptions.

Mr. Bohaker told us about the scores of the baseball games that have already been played, and asked that we all help to make those in the future as successful.

Mr. Cottle spoke of sportsmanship, saying that no game or gathering could succeed without the boys or girls who participated being sports, in the true sense of the word.

"Play the game for the game's sake, for the love of it, and be not only glad but determined that the best team, the best man, shall win, and win by merit. Courtesy and fair play at every stage of the game."



### THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

Special attention should be paid to the library this year by the students. Because it was used and appreciated so much last year, the school committee has made a liberal appropriation. If this interest continues, more and greater donations will be forthcoming.

A new card index is being established, by which a pupil may find in a short time material on the subject in which he is interested. Needless to say, this system will be a great help in reference work provided that it is used properly.

The books which are on the book-report lists have been collected in the closet in Room 1 under the charge of a librarian. Many new books have been added so that there should be no excuses for not passing in book reports on the plea that the books were not available. It is fitting that the pupils give their aid and enthusiasm to this project.



# LITERARY

## BARTIE OF THE COAL MINES

**B**ARTIE was a son of the coal mines.

In fact, during all his short life of twelve years, he had heard, thought, and seen nothing but coal. His father was a stalwart miner, rough, unkempt, but with an inner sense of courtesy and refinement that few had recognized. His mother was a country lass, born not far from the great mines. Unfortunately both had been the victims of one of the many disasters common in mine history and Bartie was left an orphan at the age of seven. Small for his age, sturdy and intelligent, he was the favorite of the mining camp and became the care of every miner in it.

From his father, Bartie had inherited a love of the danger and toil of the mines. It was not an uncommon sight to see the little fellow bob up in some remote recess of the black, subterranean labyrinth, for Bartie knew the series of tunnels and passages as he did the way to his home at the outskirts of the camp. Indeed, he knew them much better than the men who worked in them, and for this reason, Bartie was employed as a messenger boy whose duty it was to carry special orders to the different gangs in the mines.

It was during the great fall rush at the mines that our story took place. For weeks gangs had been going day and night, and the great lifts plied back and forth unceasingly, — down with their human burdens, and up with their loads of coal. The very earth seemed to vibrate with the hum of ma-

chinery and the bustle of men.

Of the many denizens of the mining camp, Bartie was the busiest. His short legs had had little rest for the past few weeks. It seemed that there was a never-ending flood of special dispatches to be taken to every part of the mine. And thus it was, at the end of an unusually busy day, that Bartie felt no delight when given a note with the admonition to lose no time in taking it to the boss of Section E. His ill-humor trebled when he found where he had to carry it, for Section E was on the newest level at the very bottom of the mine. Taking the note, he set off without an audible grumble and quickly reached the entrance to the left.

In a short time he was sinking rapidly, whizzing down the deep shaft, past the black mouths of tunnels lined with black, glistening anthracite. Then with a jarring thud the lift stopped and Bartie stepped forth into a long dimly lighted tunnel, leading far off into the distance.

The gang he had to reach was working at the far end of this tunnel in a little side-branch which had been started only a few days before. He had already had occasion to visit this new section so he felt confident of his ability to find it again. Therefore, it was with a feeling of surprise that he discovered that the mouth was no longer visible. Dumbfounded, he retraced his steps many times, scanning the expanse of wall in which the mouth had been. At last he was convinced that

there was no tunnel entrance.

It was uncanny and extremely disagreeable to discover that that which he sought was not there. There must be some solution! With this thought he reexamined the wall more closely than before. Suddenly he received a thrill. There was something radically wrong with a section of that wall. It was soft and shaly and jutted out into the cavern. It was just as if—and then the terrible truth flashed upon him. The tunnel entrance was blocked by a cave-in!

A cave-in—the greatest dread of the miner! Bartie knew well what was happening behind that loose rampart of coal. The men, his pals, were digging frantically, desperately, in an effort to gain the open air before the deadly coal gas released by the cave-in should be upon them. It was but a race and maybe it was too late!

There was but one thing to do and Bartie did it. With the strength of a man, he attacked the pile of coal throwing aside the loose lumps, burrowing deeper and deeper. His hands were cut and bleeding in a thousand places and his strength was rapidly waning. Oh, for the power to dig a few feet further, just a few feet! Then his graping right hand broke through into open air and Bartie lost consciousness!

The rest of the story was told by the men he had worked to save—how, started by the voice of the cave-in, they rushed back and attempted to dig their way to freedom. Only two or three men were conscious when Bartie broke through. Revived by the fresh air of the tunnel, they dragged their companions out of the branch, and brought Bartie back to the sunlight, to health and lasting honor.

W. HOBBS, '26.

### A SMUGGLER'S HALLOWEEN

THE elegantly appointed yacht of Heyward Burrage, Esq., steamed lazily into its tiny cove, nestled in the rocky coast of Massachusetts, at Manchester-by-the-Sea. It was returning from a Mediterranean cruise during which Mr. Burrage had acquired several cases of not only treasures of art, but also liquor.

In the saloon Mr. Burrage might be seen, after impatiently turning off the radio, summoning Sam and Joe, chef and waiter on the ship, and devoted to their "massa," Mr. Burrage.

"Boys," he greeted them, "I have been in touch by wireless with Mrs. Burrage and she informs me that she is giving a reception on Halloween to celebrate my homecoming. The guests will undoubtedly be thirsty. You understand that it must be gotten ashore tonight. That there will be some dan-

ger I realize,—the moon will be full. However, you know these small-town cops!"

\* \* \*

We now see Mr. Thompson Hallet on the same morning entering the Boston Offices of the Coast Guard Department. Mr. Hallet is also a resident of Manchester. After seating himself at his desk, he summoned two of his men who entered and settled down to business at once.

"Mr. Burrage returned from abroad last evening; he has liquor on board, which he plans to smuggle ashore from his yacht tonight. We must work fast," Mr. Hallet informs them.

"Yes, sir," they reply.

"One thing more," Mr. Hallet concludes, "he has allotted the job to a pair of fool negroes." He then relates his plan for the capture of the goods.

The moon rose brilliantly over the ocean that evening as Mr. Burrage had prophesied. About nine, Thomas and Reid, the coast guard men, watched from the shrubbery in the garden a black dory lowered into the sea, from the yacht which was riding softly at anchor. The dory came quietly but swiftly toward the beach before the house.

"Now," whispered Reid, and the two walked forth bravely across the terrace and down to the beach. But the two negroes saw only the shapes of the phosphorescent bones of two skeletons on their black costumes. Sam had by now beached the boat, and muttered excitedly to his companion.

"Tonight am Halloween, and dem is shore de skeleton ghosts, come out ob der graves—Ah's movin, an' you'd best do der same!" Joe followed on his heels, leaving the boat beached but unguarded.

"It worked," whispered Thomas. "There they go up over the rocks toward the stable. Now to wait for Mr. Burrage to get nervous and come down to see what has happened!"

In his library off the terrace, Mr. Burrage paced to and fro for half an

hour and then, lighting a fresh cigar, stepped out through the French doors onto the terrace. From here he proceeded to the beach, where he soon detected the deserted boat and with a muttered oath, retraced his steps to the house.

"There he goes," said Thomas, "but he will soon return with help to lug in the booze."

Upon returning to his study, Burrage hurriedly related what he had seen to his wife, and then continued, "Amarillis, please summon Bradleys and the chauffeur at once. I think some one is on to our plan. We must hurry." This while taking a revolver from his desk.

Reid and Thomas followed the three as they carried their unlawful cargo from the beach toward the house. As they entered the porch, the two men from the Coast Guard covered them with their guns. The rest was easy; Thomas phoned the police who came at once, and I can assure you that Mr. Burrage did not forget in a hurry the Halloween of 1926, or the size of the check he wrote out in court the following week.

—ROBERT ROBERTSON, '28.

### ALL FOR BATES

AS THE car carrying the Bates football team to Webster drew near that town, Frank Rogers, substitute center, dreamed dreams of self pity.

During his two years at Bates, Rogers' ambition to play against Webster had not been realized; true, he had been on the Freshman team his first year, and had played with the varsity squad when a Sophomore, but he had been injured before the important game.

Now, a Junior, his fondest hopes were to be next year's captain. To be

a captain one must play at least one game against Webster, and even these hopes were ruined for, in last week's practice, Crosby had been put in the center position and Rogers left on the substitute bench. Frank admitted that Peter Crosby had the strength and he undoubtedly knew the game, but, did he have the courage to go through the game pitted against the Webster center?

The rooms at Webster Inn had been reserved before the change in centers, so it happened that Rogers and Crosby were to change sleeping-quarters.



After all had retired for the night, a knock came at Rogers' door, and as he got up to answer it, he found a telegram. Thinking it to contain good wishes for the morrow, he opened the envelope without noticing the address; this is what he found:

Peter Crosby,

Bates College,

Lewiston, Me.

Your mother is very ill. Come home at once. Father.

Rogers knew that if Crosby should receive this message he would leave at once for his home, and he also knew that if Crosby were to go home, that he, the substitute, would get the chance for which he had waited two years. But,—Crosby must have been the best man or the coaches would not have chosen him to play center in the most decisive battle of the year, and if *Bates* could only win, why should he care? He'd get a chance to play next year.

So tucking the telegram in his sweater pocket, he went to bed, his conscience divided between a sick mother and the honor of his college.

Next afternoon the game was on! At the end of the first half the score stood 14 to 9 in favor of Webster, but both teams were still going strong. During the game Rogers had not once thought of his lost position, but of the telegram and how he was to give it to Crosby.

In the third quarter Bates tied the score and through the courage of her hard-fighting center she managed to win in the last quarter by a score of 17 to 14.

On the way to the dressing rooms, Rogers spoke to Crosby of the game and said that he had something to tell him. Crosby answered his remarks on the game and then said, "I know you have that telegram, Frank, for my father telephoned me this morning and said that mother was better and told me that he had sent a telegram yesterday. It was you that kept me on the team. Why did you do it?"

"Well," answered Rogers, "I knew that you were the better player and my ambition came second place to that of having Bates win."

—KATHRYN LAMSON, '28.

## THE SWAN

ONE day when I went to Boston I took a ride on the swan boats. Just as we were going to start, a man on shore yelled to the driver and told him that there was a swan in the way. The driver could not see because he was in back. We waited about five minutes and the driver told the man to throw some crumbs. The man did but the swan did not stir. The driver said he would drive up and scare the swan. When he got up there the swan did not move. The driver laughed, the man on shore looked silly for the swan was wooden.

This was one time when a man didn't know it all!

—ESTHER LEE,  
*Junior High I.*



Two little boys were talking about the new brother at Johnnie's house.

"What are you going to name him?" asked Jimmie.

"I don't know," replied Johnnie, "Pop has called him several things since he has been walking the floor with him, but I don't think mom will decide on any of them."



## AUTUMN

WHAT a lovely time of year! The world is bidding goodbye to summer and half-heartedly welcoming winter.

The most beautiful things in autumn are the leaves, changing from green to rust, gold, yellow, pink and many other gorgeous shades.

The sun has taken on a haughty look, as if he thought he had performed his duty during the summer and would now let the hooting north breezes hold sway.

Mother Nature tucks her tiny seedlets into soft blankets of earth and moss, and they settle down to sleep until gentle spring awakens and coaxes them out to nod and bask themselves again in the warm sunlight. She has also changed the green grass into a

carpet of waving, faint, pink-topped tendrils.

The garden begins to look bare save for the few majestic sunflowers which still wave and bend in the now cool breeze. Other tenants of the garden have long since performed their duty to people and are lying in deep slumber.

Last of all, in the middle of the night, comes that little man who makes us shiver and hug the fires, Jack Frost. It is not well for the flowers to be caught out of doors when he arrives or their blossoms and foliage will be cruelly nipped.

Though autumn, with its changing scenes constantly reminding us of winter, is rather a sad time of year, it is also a very beautiful one, and to many people a favorite season.

—MURIEL PENTZ, '29.

## THE SHOW OFF MAKES GOOD

A STRANGER walked into the hotel dining room one evening in June, slapped Bill Caldwell on the back with a cheery "Hello, Bill!" and slid into a chair by the table.

"My name's Charles Haggerty and I have decided to play third base on your team this season. I'm young, but I know baseball from 'a to z,'" he said, after a short pause.

Now seven years as the manager of the Granite City Eagles, in the State League, had prepared Bill for nearly anything, but the way of this bragging rookie nearly knocked him off his feet. And some of his team who were there were equally astonished.

"I have heard all about you," Haggerty went on, "and I have decided that you need a better third baseman than that old wreck you've got now."

"What position did you say you

play?" Caldwell interrupted dryly.

"Who? Me? Third base, I just told you."

"Too bad," Caldwell drawled, "but I have a good base man already."

"You don't call that bean-pole," hollered Haggerty, "a good third baseman do you?"

After a long pause the Eagle manager finally replied, "Yes, I do; he's the highest hitter in the team."

"Rats," replied Haggerty, "that's nothing to get up in the air about; just give me a try and see how my score looks beside his. Why it would beat his so he wouldn't know whether he was coming or going."

Bill laughed. "Maybe you are all right, but you sure aren't slow in self praise."

Haggerty rose and said, "Well, I'll be over tomorrow, and you know that old

saying, 'Seeing is believing.' Well, remember that!" and with this he left the dining room.

The next day the loud speaking stranger arrived on the field ready to do his bit, and he no sooner sat down beside the manager before his chatter and bragging about himself began again.

"Where shall I play?" he asked.

"Take third," was the short reply from the manager. Haggerty did as he was told.

The practice started. All plays were centered on the windy third baseman. But he bore up well under their attack, and the more he said about himself the less the rest of the team liked him.

At the end of the practice, Bill was forced to admit that he was a good player and he hired him. And in spite of his cheap talk about himself, he became a favorite on the team.

Many meetings were held in the hotel lobby concerning Haggerty, for the team could stand his gab no longer. This day the team met in Morton's room. All were solemn for a scrap had taken place between Graham and Haggerty, because the show off had tried to tell the veteran player a few points in baseball.

"Something's got to be done about this," said Red Grant.

"Yes, but how? I suppose we'll have to tell Bill to fire him."

There was silence—all were trying to think of some way to get even with this loud-speaking third baseman.

Then suddenly Taylor broke the stillness, "Listen."

Two evenings later Haggerty received a blue envelope, and while he read the contents, Taylor who was his room mate noticed that he turned slightly red.

About two weeks later he received

another one of these mysterious letters. This one Taylor succeeded in getting away from him. It read: "Dearest, why are you so cruel to me, why don't you answer my letters? I think it's awful mean of you to be so cold to me when you pass me on the street. I know it's foolish to even think that a big league player like you would even look at a poor girl like me, but you are such a wonderful fellow that I can't help it."

"Keep still," goaded Haggerty in agony.

Taylor stopped and then read the initials "F. D." at the end of the paper.

"Gee! do you know who that is? Why it's the stenographer of this hotel, Florence Donahue."

"And she fell for me, eh?" broke in Haggerty. "Well, that's the kind of a shiek I am. Guess I'll go over to see her tomorrow."

Something seemed to have struck the Eagles next morning for every one was happy.

That night when Haggerty came into the hotel he was greeted by a chorus "F. D." but to their surprise he answered, "Sure, I have just come from her house," and with this he left the room.

Through the brilliant plays of Haggerty, who was playing shortstop, the Eagles had gotten up to second place. The Tigers held first. The last game was to be played Labor Day to see who should have the title.

The game started off with a boom and in the first eight innings the Tigers got the lead by a score of 12 to 11. Then the Eagles were up. The first man struck out. Then Haggerty was up and as usual he hit a home run, thus making the score tie. The next man up got on first and before the end of the inning they got another run,

this making the score 13 to 12.

The Tigers were now up at the bat. The first man struck out, the next man got a base, the third man struck out and now the slugger of the team was up. He hit a high fly over third base and towards the bleachers. The third baseman made for it and so did the shortstop. Up over the people to the top, now he cleared his way. He jumped and fell to the ground but the ball was safely clutched in his hand. Thus the Eagles won the title. But Haggerty was taken unconscious to the hospital with a huge gash in his head.

The next day the Eagle team was called to the hospital. They all went over. In Haggerty's room was a pretty girl, it was Florence. The players were astonished. Then Haggerty spoke. "Boys you probably think that I am

a fool, but I have been forced to do this. Through financial difficulties I was forced to leave college. I was always a scarecrow, afraid of everything. A professor in college told me to work hard, and if I put on a big front people would be afraid to touch me. I tried it and have prospered. And that fight with Graham helped me the most of all."

The team was astonished. Then Bill said, "You sure have made good and all the club are asking you to sign up, and are offering more money. Well, I guess we will go back to the hotel, boys."

And with a grin at the boy and a broad smile he ushered the team out of the room and softly closed the door.

—NORMAN PEATFIELD, '27.

## A HALLOWEEN DISCOVERY

"HEY, Barb, aren't you ready yet?" "Just a minute Bobbie, alright."

"Here's your Jack o' lantern, let's be off. Good bye, mother, 'bye, Dad." Barbara and Bobbie were twins and were always together.

"I wonder what Marion and Jack Wesley are doing tonight?" remarked Barbara with sarcasm in her voice. Although she had never been friends with Marion, she considered her "stuckup." Marion and Jack were always together also, for no other children lived near them except Barbara and Bobbie.

"Well I guess they haven't got spunk enough to explore the haunted house," said Jack. "Oh! but won't it be fun! It's a great Halloween venture. It almost frightens me to think what might happen!"

"Here we are, Br! how ghostly it looks!"

They entered the house bravely, but

Barbara took hold of Bobbie's hand. Then Barbara looked through the open door, and there, right in the next room, stood a ghastly white figure. Barbara was so frightened she could only squeeze Bobbie's hand until it actually ached with pain. Then Bobby looked and saw the figure. They both made a dive for door, and fell over the threshold, bumping into the white figure. When Barbara looked up, she fairly shrieked, "Marion Wesley!"

Bobbie had sighted Jack, and soon they were all talking merrily in the ghostly hall.

"I'll never judge hastily again," thought Barbara as she walked along, her arms about Marion. Bobbie was thinking the same thing as he chatted with Jack, each deciding that the other boy was a regular good fellow.

—BEATRICE EDMONDSON.



## "MOOSE" SCKREWER'S LAST HUNT

THE hunting season was drawing near and all the hunters were cleaning and polishing their guns at every spare moment. Among these was Bill Sckrewer a hardy hunter, who boasted of his skill in killing moose. He also boasted of his good nerves and hard heart. He was planning on leaving town the first of November and staying in the Canadian woods until he had a number of moose.

It was a bright sunny day when Bill, or "Moose" as he was called, entered the great woods with his pack and his trusty rifle over his shoulder. He had not gone far when he came upon tracks. They were moose tracks, there was no mistaking them, he quickened his pace; the tracks became fresher and clearer. The moose could not be far ahead now. Bill started to run and kept that pace for half a mile, then he dropped his pack and became more cautious. Suddenly, in a thicket at his side, he heard

a snort and a trample of hoofs. A large brown moose with huge antlers ran swiftly into the deepest of the wood.

"Fooled," muttered Bill, "an old trick, he circled on me, but I'll get him yet." He returned to his pack and turned in for the night.

At sunrise he was getting his breakfast, and as he was frying his bacon, a sixth sense told him he was being watched. He looked up and imagine his surprise in seeing the same moose he had trailed the night before. He reached for his gun and was about to fire when he saw the pleading understanding look in the large brown eyes of his victim. He halted, his trigger moved, a chill swept through his body. Suddenly he dropped his rifle and the moose galloped from sight.

"It's no use," sighed Bill, the "hard hearted," "I understand animals too well now to kill them."

—BARBARA HOBBS, '30.

## 'FRAID CAT

HELEN ROSS drew back in terror at the sudden apparition in the dark hall.

"'Fraid cat!" sang out her brother Harold. "Afraid of a sheet. Afraid of a shadow. Some girl you are!"

"I am not," said the indignant Helen.

As they entered the room together, their banter died away before the serious expression on both their parent's faces. Mr. Ross looked deeply distressed, and their mother's eyes were sad.

Helen crossed swiftly to her father's side. "What's the matter, father dear?"

Mrs. Ross answered for him. "The car has been stolen."

"Not the new one?" gasped Harold.

"It was stolen from in front of the

office when father ran back for a minute to get some papers he had forgotten," explained Mrs. Ross. Then Mr. Dannis detained him and —."

"Never mind, Dad, you have the insurance," comforted Helen.

Mrs. Ross took up the story, "But when your father went to the insurance office Mr. Morrison could not find a single record of father's having been there last Saturday to make out the papers."

"If only there had been some identification mark on it by which we could trace the car!"

"I say, Dad," spoke up Harold, "there's an identification mark on it. I put it there myself, under the right hand flap of the tonneau pocket, where



you keep road maps. It's your name, scratched with my Scout knife."

"They are too far away by now, son," said Mrs. Ross.

Mr. Ross forced a puckered smile. "Well, we'll muster in the little old roadster again," he said. "It's lucky we still have it." However, he deceived none of them.

The next morning Mrs. Ross said, with tears at the edge of her voice, "I am not crying over the car. The thing that troubles me is that your father has saved and worked and planned so for that car, and he took such joy in actually owning it! It isn't as though he could sit right down and write a check for another."

In school the next day, the English teacher asked to speak to Helen. The leading lady in the class play had been absent for three days and she wanted Helen to go to her house and see how she was.

So Helen took the long trip across the city only to be met with Lucy's, "Did my father forget to telephone Miss MacArthur again today?"

Lucy told Helen to tell her she would be there tomorrow.

Helen's mind on the stolen car, she turned in the wrong direction as she left Lucy's house. She did not know where she was. Glimpsing a dark blue sedan a half a block away, she sighed. It was so like their lost one with its deep rich color. It looked new, too. Impulsively, Helen walked toward the car reading the name upon the certificate in front, "Royal Forbes Hawkes" with a San Francisco address.

She was starting on when suddenly Harold's odd confession flashed into her mind. Helen could never afterwards explain just why she slipped back of the car and swung open the right hand door and with unbelieving eyes she read

the lettering (Harold's best), John Gower Ross.

Helen ran to the drug store and poured out the news to the police and then went back to keep the car until they came.

Royal Forbes Hawkes came out with his newly wedded wife and started to get into the car, and found Helen sitting there.

They tried to put her out by force, but when she called for help, they silenced her and were just going to drive off with her when the police came. That was all Helen knew until she came to in the drug store. She remembered the man was the insurance man who had said the papers were lost, and Helen the "Fraid Cat" had saved the car.

—BARBARA PORTER,  
*Junior High II.*



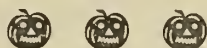
## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

### NOTES

We are pleased to notice an increase in enrollment in each of the commercial classes over last year.

Mrs. Bush is teaching both classes in bookkeeping, beginning and advanced, while Miss McRae has taken over both classes in stenography.

Work as a whole has been begun with a fine spirit, but we must wait further on in the year before we can post results.



Mary: "One of our teachers is dead, and I'm taking up a collection to bury him, will you give a dollar?"

Jane: "A dollar to bury our teacher?"

Mary: "Yes."

Jane: "Here's four dollars, bury the whole four of them."

## Language Department

O, TEMPORA! O, MORES!

(O, the times! O, the customs!)

B. C. 63

### WHAT CICERO SAW

Qui nitent unguentis, qui fulgent purpura, . . . qui mihi accubantes in conviviis, vno languidi, conferti cibo, sertis redimiti, unguentis obliti quos pexo capillo, nitidos, aut imberbis aut bene barbato videtis, manicatis et talaribus tunicis, velis amictos non togis.

Translation:

"Who shine with perfumes, who are greased in purple. . . . Who recline by me at banquets languid with wine, crammed with food, wreathed with garlands. . . . Who you see with combed hair, and greased, some unbearded and others with full beards, long sleeves, tunics reaching to the ankles, with veils instead of togas"

A. D. 1926

### WHAT CICERO WOULD SEE

So-called shieks. Hair oiled and perfumed. Voluminous balloon trousers covering their shoes. Socks hanging below trousers. Slickers covered with autographs and pictures of the latest "crushes." Wild parties. Charleston, Tango, Black-Bottom.

—EVELYN GRANT.

### FRENCH

La classe française de la première année a écrit ces petits contes-ci. Les élèves étudient le français depuis six semaines. Ils ont décrit quelques objets qu'on a mis sur le pupitre, par exemple, une plume, une boîte, etc. Avec un vocabulaire limité, ils ont essayé de vous dire ce qu'ils ont vu.

Sur le pupitre sont l'encre, le papier, la boîte, les livres, le cahier, le crayon, et la plume. Ils sont très utiles. Je vois aussi un livre. La boîte est rouge.

Aujourd'hui, je vois le papier sur la boîte, hier, j'ai vu le papier sur la table.

L'encre est très bonne, mais la plume est mauvaise. . . . Les crayons sont petits. Ils sont meilleurs que les plumes.

—SARAH AYERS.

Il y a deux livres sur le pupitre. Il y a aussi une boîte sur le pupitre. Sur la boîte il y a deux livres, de l'encre, du papier, un cahier et un crayon. J'ai écrit mes phrases sur le papier qui est sur la boîte. Une règle est aussi sur la boîte. La boîte qui est sur le pupitre est rouge. Il y a sept articles sur la boîte.

—GRACE MELANSON.

Je vois sur la table deux livres, un est bleu. Voici aussi un petit crayon, une grande plume, une boîte qui est rouge, un cahier, un papier, un encrier, qui est noir, et un règle.

—ANNA BARRON.

Sur le pupitre est un livre, l'encre, le papier, une boîte, le crayon, la plume et le cahier. La boîte est rouge. Je vois un cahier, aussi une règle. Il y a sept articles sur le pupitre. Le livre est bleu. Le papier est bon. Le porte-plume est noir. Voilà un bon livre.

—MURIEL PENTZ.

(Continued on page 15)

## CLASS NOTES

### CLASS OF 1927

The class officers for the Senior year were chosen the latter part of the Junior year; they are as follows: President, Violet Mason; Vice-president, Irene Pope; Treasurer, Elizabeth Pfaff; and Secretary, Lawrence Anderson.



A cake sale was held at Knowles' drug store on Friday, September 17th. Members of the committee in charge were: Anna Kelleher, Julia Burns, Dorothy Back, and Irene Pope.



A week later a rummage sale was held at Crosby's store on Saturday, September 25. Owing to the hot day it was held again the following Wednesday. Members of the committee in charge were: Ruth Cullity, Mary Dodge, and Marguerite Lake.



What would happen if:

Violet wasn't president?  
 Mary, Marguerite and Bernice didn't giggle?  
 Harold Smerage didn't tease Mary?  
 Elizabeth wasn't jolly?  
 Anna Kelleher lost Julia Burns?  
 Wilbert Hatt knew his shorthand?  
 Albert Grant didn't talk about Asbury Grove?  
 Peter paid his class debts?  
 Julia Buzzell wasn't dignified?  
 Lawrence wasn't interested in Manchester?  
 Dorothy didn't powder her nose?  
 Gladys was noisy?  
 "The Three Musketeers" didn't whisper after bells?  
 Ruth Cullity could hold on to her vanity case?



The Seniors have been studying Versification, and one would-be-poet of the class has composed the following as an example of a stanza written in Iambic Tetrameter:

"Miss Hayward went upon a trip,

And on the trip she was seasick.  
 She made more trips o'er to the rail  
 And that is why she's now so pale."

ANONYMOUS.

It is very evident that the Seniors are thoroughly enjoying "Macbeth"—especially the witches and the drunken porter scenes!

### CLASS OF 1928

The following members of the Junior class have been elected as class officers for the ensuing year: President, Mary Corcoran; Vice-president, Helen Haraden; Treasurer, Mary Peterson; Secretary, Mildred Baldwin.



A successful candy sale was held in September.



A social, staged by Doris Hathaway, Dorothy Hatt, Eunice Dodge, and Rena McEwen, was quite a success,—except for the peanuts. The peanuts would have been all right if the social had been held a few weeks earlier.



The Juniors cordially invite all Senior high school pupils to their socials but children from the Junior high classes will not be admitted unless accompanied by their parents.



Our class is right on "Main Street" this year. The editor of THE HAMILTONIAN has been chosen from our midst, and Doris Honeysett has won a prize given by the Metropolitan Theatre and the *Advertiser*. The prize is a blazer, the colors are unknown at present, but we shall all keep a close watch on Doris.

—OONAH RYAN.

## CLASS OF 1929

In the middle of September the Sophomore class held its first meeting of the year electing the following officers: President, Albert Malone; Vice-president, Mary MacDonald; Treasurer, Muriel Pentz; Secretary, Homer Withee.



The Sophomore girls have held a meeting to make plans for a basketball team. They have elected for officers: Mary MacDonald, captain, and Carolyn Southwick, manager.



Pupil: Who is vice-president (meaning of the class)?

Reply: Dawes.



Teacher: Stop looking out the window and give me your attention, you have all seen an automobile before.

A pupil to whom it applied: Yes, but I never saw one like that."



Teacher: Translate the first sentence from French into English Miss —.

Teacher, after a few minutes silence: I thought you were ready?

Pupil: I am—just a minute.

## CLASS OF 1930

The officers for the Freshman class are: President, John Corcoran; Vice-president, Beatrice Edmondson; Secretary, Barbara Hobbs; Treasurer, Kathleen Morphew.

Not having been initiated by the Senior High pupils, we are as yet considered "too young" to enter activities, but we hope that our days of probation will soon be over.

## JUNIOR HIGH I

We, the pupils of the Seventh Grade, are glad to be members of the Junior High school. We think it is fine to have a special teacher for different subjects. Under Miss Wyman, our home room teacher, we study Arithmetic and History. Mrs. Ramer teaches us in Geography, and Miss Mann teaches us in Composition and Literature. Not only Drawing and Music are taught under supervision this year, but also Writing, as Miss McRae, of the Senior High School, has been appointed supervisor of Writing in the Junior High School. So under all these specially trained teachers, we surely ought to make splendid progress this year.

The class has already organized and elected the following officers: President, Everett Holland; Vice-president, Geo. Perkins; Treasurer, Gladys Back; Secretary, Muriel Gould.

In scholarship the class has been divided into A, B and C divisions. This should be a stimulant for all,—to the pupils of the A division to work hard and retain their honor, to pupils of the B and C division to strive for the next division higher.

We hope, when another issue of THE HAMILTONIAN is published, to have more news, but we considered it fitting and proper that the youngest members of the Junior high should at least be heard from in this issue.



# ATHLETICS

## THE ATHLETE'S CREED

Knowing that a sound body is the great fundamental of athletic success, I will keep my body in condition by right living and clean thinking. I will practice hard and faithfully and will take with good grace any criticism offered for my improvement. In action, I will play the game fair and square, and will accept defeat like a man. I will fight for the glory of the school and its ideals, not for my own personal advancement. In short, I will do my best as an athlete to be a generous victor, an undaunted loser, a considerate teammate and a good sportsman.



At the present time much interest is being shown by the students in regard to baseball and basketball.

The baseball game with Topsfield on October 8th was won by Topsfield 8-3, and the game with Essex on October 15th was won by Essex 11-7. However, we are glad to be able to announce that the game with Topsfield October 21st was won by Hamilton 20-10.

The men on the team are showing the proper spirit in regard to athletics. If the entire school would turn out and support its teams, it would encourage the men to play a better game and have more pride in its accomplishments.

Basketball practice starts the week of November 1st and a number of the students have signed up to play on the team. We hope to arouse more interest and get up a first-class team.

Our athletics should play an important part in high school training, and the boys are doing the best that they can. We do not feel that it is amiss for us to ask the people who are criticising our team to get behind the boys and

support them, and perhaps they will change their criticism from words of discouragement to commendation. Or, if there really is need of criticism, let it be constructive—the kind that builds up and helps, not destructive—the kind that tears down and destroys.

So here's best wishes for a prosperous year of sports with everybody in the school and town supporting the high school teams.

Go to the games; catch the enthusiasm; and—ROOT FOR HAMILTON!

*(Continued from page 12)*

## L'OISEAU MOURANT

Pas encore je chanterai, pas encore je danserai,

Pas encore je soupirai, pas encore je sauterai,

Sur cette branche triste.

Mon coeur, lourd, seul je partirai,  
Encore un chanson avant que j'aïlle

Un sortie, un départ.

Oh! ce coeur ira en désespérant  
Pas encore je serai de nouveau jasant,  
Dans ce monde triste.

Je ne crains la mort sur moi tombant.  
Car j'entend des anges les voix appel-  
lant,

Je quitte le monde a tous.

—JEANNE MAIONE.

## ADVICE TO THE FRESHMAN

Don't lose your head if an upper classman smiles at you—it may be all they can do to keep from laughing.



## CLASS STONES

Freshmen	.	.	.	Emerald
Sophomores	.	.	.	Soapstone
Juniors	.	.	.	Grindstone
Seniors	.	.	.	Tombstone

## ALUMNI NOTES

1924

Lewis Day and Stanley Anderson are Sophomores at Northeastern College.

Horace Pope is attending Tufts Dental School.

Thelma Smerage has become the private secretary of George C. Vaughan.

Frederick Holland is a Junior at Boston University Law School.

Mable Stillings is a pupil nurse at Beverly Hospital.

1925

Lena Peterson is a Sophomore at Salem Normal School.

Raymond Saulnier is attending the University of Vermont.

Salome Withee has returned to Boston University.

1926

Dorothy Bancroft has taken up a course at Simmons College.

Ruth Bancroft and Mary Bond are increasing their knowledge by taking a post graduate course at Beverly High.

Bernard Cullen is studying at Holy Cross.

Margaret Gildart is attending Burdett College in Lynn.

Mildred Grant is back with us for a few weeks taking a post graduate course.

Marjorie Underhill and Willam Lasky, as Freshmen, are learning the rules at Boston University.

Katherine Malone is studying to be a kindergarten teacher.

Donald Trussell is at Exeter.

Evelyn Hatt, Leroy Doucette, Gordon Hitchings, Roger Humphrey, Joseph Lake, Robert Lawrie, Andrew McCurrach, and Theodore Maione are all in the business of earning their living.

We regret to hear of the deaths of two of our former classmates, Robert and Philip Doble, and wish to express our sympathy to their parents.

"What is the meaning of alter ego?" asked the Latin teacher.

"The other I (eye)," responded the bright pupil winking at Fanny.

"Give me a sentence containing the phrase, Fanny."

"He just winked his other eye."

A henpecked negro was applying for a divorce.

"On what grounds?" asked the court.

"Oh, she talk, and talk, and talk," said Rastus.

"But what does she talk about?"

"She don't never say."

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## ***"Good Evening, Clarice"***

**T**HE SENIOR PLAY will be given about the middle of December.

A good laugh is in store for all those who see it. It is a Royalty play full of wit and humor with an interesting plot which is cleverly untangled.

It will be presented under the direction of Mrs. Boyd and Miss Hayward, the same coaches who drilled "The Charm School" last year.

Come and help the Seniors go to Washington and enjoy yourself while helping!

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